THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WHAT MEN LIVE BY.

Arthur Bardwell Patten.

God give us Faith,—the face turned from the dust,
The fresh, creative vision of the seer,
The light of life to work with might and cheer,
And build the world as stately as our trust.

God give us Hope,—the undespairing spell
Of fond expectancy, the winged dream
Of brighter daysprings, whose horizons gleam
Athwart the future where new splendors dwell.

God give us Love,—the spirit and the deed,
To fashion forth a brotherhood of grace
From out life's chaos of dissevered hearts,
And weave a seamless robe, a living creed,
Around the vast soul of our struggling race,
Till fellowship become the art of arts.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONCILE AND COMMENT.

The City of Mexico is to have a Y. M. C. A building which will cost $91,750 in gold.

Chicago is to have a Jewish Institute, a social center for Jews and Gentiles. It will cost about $400,000.

One of the branches of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City has 732 Roman Catholic members.

When the tunnel is completed under the Detroit river, fourteen hours will be the time from New York to Chicago by the New York Central lines.

Kansas City, Missouri, stands high on the divorce court docket. The number of divorces the past year was 1,068. The marriages numbered 3,506.

It is said that William Jennings Bryan's lecture engagements will yield him $100,000 this year. Ex-Governor Folk of Missouri has engagements at Chautauquas which will bring him $17,500.

The 500th anniversary of the founding of the university of Leipsic, Germany, will be celebrated on the 28th of July. On the 7th of July the University of Geneva, Switzerland, will celebrate its 350th anniversary.

Fifty-seven of the ninety-two counties in the state of Indiana are dry now, some of these by election under the new option law; others by remonstrance under the old law. An Indiana paper says: "One of the greatest shocks the saloon interests of Indiana have received since the local option elections began was on Tuesday, of last week when Miami county by a majority of 1,043, shut out 43 saloons. It had been predicted that the county would go wet, and bets of 2 to 1 were made that it would result in that way. This is another county having a populous city within its borders, that has put the saloon out of business, and Peru has been placed in the same class with Marion and Kokomo." Among the counties, having fair-sized cities, voting out the saloon is Montogomery. Crawfordsville is situated in that county. It is a city of 10,000 population. The majority against the saloon in that county was 2,750.

Archbishop Ireland writes as follows of the Roman Catholic population and the census figures: "Within a short time the National Census Bureau will publish as its own the figures now given out by the 'Directory'—14,235,451 Catholics in the United States. It is my personal conviction that those figures are too low. To represent fully the reality, I believe they should not be under sixteen or or seventeen millions. Three or four dioceses, among which is found one of the most populous dioceses, in the country, sent no report to the Metropolitan of St. Louis, so that he was obliged to credit them with only the figures printed in older numbers of the 'Directory.' In the reports of some other dioceses no adequate allowance, it seems to me, was made for the masses of newly-arrived immigrants, especially those of Oriental rites. Throughout, too, I could read vestiges of older habits of some parish priests to claim as Catholics only those who are pew-holders or regular contributors to Church funds. But let the figures stand, such as they have gone to the National Bureau of the Census and let us say that, adding to those figures the number of Catholics in our newly-acquired dependencies, we find to-day under the Stars and Stripes as the very minimum a Catholic population of 22,474,440—a figure most gratifying to the Catholics of the United States and most hopeful for the future of the Catholic Church in our well-beloved country."

The United States Forest Service has begun an active campaign against prairie dogs in co-operation with the stockment on the greatly infested ranges within the national forests of New Mexico and Arizona. Successful attempts at poisoning prairie dogs were made last spring and summer by the Forest Service in other parts of the country, and this year the work will be carried on much more extensively. The poison used to put an end to these little pests of the Western ranges is prepared by coating wheat with a preparation of strychnine, cyanide of potassium, anise oil, and molasses. The stockmen supply horses and men and the poisoned wheat is given out by the Government officers for distribution upon ranges within the National Forest areas. The action of the poison is almost instantaneous. Most of the prairie dogs in a town are dead within an hour or two after the bait is dropped. Early last month 9300 pounds of wheat were prepared in Albuquerque and shipped to the various National Forests in Arizona and New Mexico to be distributed. This quantity of wheat will make approximately 6,020,000 baits, which will clear up an area of from 65,000 to 80,000 acres, at a cost, exclusive of the labor of distributing it on the ranges, of about one to one and a half cents an acre. The poison is used to best advantage in the early spring when the dogs first come out of their winter quarters, and before the green grass is plentiful enough to appease their appetites. As all Westerners know, prairie dogs are among the worst enemies with which the stockmen have to contend. Where they establish themselves the destruction of the range is only a question of time. On ranch lands they have proved most destructive to a variety of crops, among which are wheat and alfalfa, grain, potatoes, and sugar beets, and on grazing lands they are said to consume and destroy so much grass that the grazing capacity is reduced fifty to seventy-five per cent.

The old age pensions act is proving of great help and comfort to thousands of people. The British Weekly of recent date says: "The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a very striking and moving speech on Monday on the old-age pension scheme. We have never read anything which

so brought home both the reality and the dignity of poverty. All the investigaors tell the same story of people facing poverty and privation for years with resignation, fortitude, and uncomplaining patience, and all asked the same question, asked it in vain—How on earth could those poor people have managed to keep body and soul together on such slender resources? Mr. Lloyd George mentioned the case of an old lady seventy-five years of age, who said she was earning 7s. 6d. a week in mantle-making. It was ascertained from her employers that the average earnings were only 6s. 6d. a week. She was paying 3s. 6d. a week in rent, and therefore had only 3s. a week on which to live. Very often she had only bread and tea, and her only chance of getting meat was by going to a butcher's shop on Saturday night when the shop was about to close and buying scraps. Yet she had kept 11 pounds in the savings bank in order to avoid having a pauper's funeral. The remarkable feature brought out by the investigations was the way in which the people had fought against the horrors of the Poor Law. There are 270,000 people over seventy years of age in receipt of Poorlaw relief. The old-age pensions act had disclosed the presence in the community of over 600,000 people, nearly all in great poverty, and yet disdaining the charity of the Poor Law. What a heroic struggle between pride and privation has been going on in thousands of miserable rooms and hovels in this country! The more the effect of the old age pensions act is seen, the more clearly it will appear how just, how necessary, and how great the measure was. Even if the Liberals had nothing else to their credit, it was worth while to return them for this."

Several times during recent years we have given the readers of The Pacific poems written by "Marianne Farningham," whose real name was Hearn. In our columns this week will be found one entitled "The Last Gate." We quote now from the British Weekly of March the 18h: "A wide circle of friends and admirers in all parts of the world will hear with sorrow of the death of Miss Marianne Farningham, the distinguished journalist and poetess. The end came at her beloved country home at Barmouth, which she has described so often in the Christian World. Miss Hearn was spared to see her jubilee as a writer for the press, and the tokens of affectionate regard with which that event was celebrated gave her genuine pleasure. She earned the gratitude of all women workers by the publication of that admirable autobiography which will long outlive her—a book full of courage and cheerfulness, gratitude for the past, and faith for the future. All who knew her, however slightly, recognized her charming womanly qualities as well as her rare intellectual gifts. Her life was, in many respects, a singularly happy one, and it had a calm, beautiful sunset. I remember hearing from her own lips about her early days, spent in the village of Farningham, in Kent; her interest in Sunday-schcool and temperance work; and her first meeting with Mr. Spurgeon in 1857. The great preacher, who was then at the beginning of his career, had come to visit the Rev. Jonathan Whittimore, one of the founders of the paper with which Miss Hearn was connected for over fifty years. Much will, no doubt, be written of her Bible-class work at Northampton, her editorship of the Sunday School Times, and the well-earned honors that came to her in later years. During the May meetings of 1901, for instance, she received the diploma of honor presented by the Sunday School Union to those who have served it long and faithfully. Her literary career had very few disappointments. No poem or article of hers, I believe, was ever returned by an editor. To the last she retained her freshness of style, and the musical sweetness of her verses was unimpaired."

It is rumored that there will soon be two or three vacancies in the United States Supreme Court. A Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes: "That President Taft will have an opportunity to fill some vacancies in this court within the next four years seems certain. Melville W. Fuller, the chief justice, was seventy-six the eleventh of last month. He still has the spry step of a man of fifty, and he does his full share of the work that falls to the court, but persons who are in his confidence have a well fixed impression that he is almost ready to retire. It has been generally understood that he would have retired during the last administration except for the fact that he did not want Roosevelt to appoint his successor. John Marshall Harlan is only four months the junior of the chief justice. He is even better preserved than the head of the court. His ruddy complexion, face free from wrinkles, and his geneal activity are characteristic of a man twenty years his junior. No man in Washington works harder than he. In addition to performing the arduous duties as a member of the highest court of the land he lectures on law and jurisprudence at the George Washington University. His daily 'grind' at the court over, he goes to the university every afternoon at five o'clock and talks to his class one hour. And he finds time for his golf and his long walks. David Josiah Brewer, the next 'old man' of the bench, will be seventy-two in June. He, too, possesses unusual vigor for a man of his age. His work on the bench does not seem to wear on him, and he is active in many other directions. For years he has been at the head of the charity organization of the District of Columbia and the work of that organization receives his personal attention. He is the orator of the court and is in constant demand at banquets and gatherings of all sorts. He seldom fails to respond to an invitation to address a representative gathering. Rufus W. Peckham was seventy-one last November. He is seen less in public than Fuller, Harlan or Brewer, but he is in rugged health and as far as the public knows, has no thought of retiring. If resignations could come within the year they would be from Fuller, Harlan or Brewer. the gossip outside the court is that Brewer and Harlan have entered into a compact to leave the court at the same time. One was appointed as a Democrat, the other as a Republican. If Brewer should step down at the same time, President Taft would have an opportunity to appoint one Democrat and two Republicans to the bench. Edward Douglass White ranks next to Brewer in length of service; he is only sixty-four, and if he keeps his health has at least ten years before him as a member of the court. Joseph McKenna is two years older than White. Oliver Wendell Holmes, William R. Day and William Henry Moody, all of whom were appointed by Roosevelt, are looked upon as youngsters, although Holmes is sixty-four, Day sixty and Moody fifty-six. The West and the South will furnish the new justices when Fuller, Harlan and Brewer retire. No one will be surprised if Luke E. Wright of Memphis, former Secretary of War, should go on the bench as a Southern Democrat. Justice Harlan

was appointed from Kentucky and Justice Brewer from Kansas. The presumption is that in choosing successors to these men President Taft will look to the Ohio Valley for one man and to the Mississippi country for the other."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Fifty-one per cent of the members of the Y. M. C. A. in Seattle who are above the age of nineteen are away from home. Men from forty-five states and thirty-four foreign countries are enrolled.

We are informed by officers and directors of our Congregational Conference in Northern California that Mr. Edwin H. Hadlock, recently a pastor of one of our churches in this state, now has no membership in any Congregational church and no ministerial standing in the Cogregagational denomination in any state.

May hearts hereabouts were saddened this week by tidings of the death at Danvers, Massachusetts, of the Rev. Robert A. MacFadden, who occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco several Sundays last summer while Dr. Adams was on his trip around the world. Mr. MacFadden greatly endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. His sermons were exceptionally interesting and inspiring. The first sermon given in San Francisco brought much comfort and strength to one of his lady hearers who was facing that day the ordeal of a critical operation in one of our hospitals. The sermon was not intended for her; but because of it she went to the operation the next day with greater courage than she otherwise would have gone. Today both the preacher and the hearer who was so greatly helped are experiencing the joys of the blessed life beyond. Why one so finely gifted and so successful in winning people for Christ as Mr. MacFadden was should be taken we do not know. It is one of the mysteries to be cleared up hereafter.

"But this we know: our loved and dead if they should
come this day
Should come and ask us 'What is life?' not one of us
could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones, and blessed
is the thought!—
'So death is sweet to us beloved, though we may tell you
naught:
We may not tell it to the quick,—this mystery of death,—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath.' "

THE TOGETHER CAMPAIGN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNA.

On Tuesday last the Los Angeles group of churches, well represented and in attendance at the First Congregational Church, gave a hearty greeting to the brethren of the campaign band from the north and east. The largest conference of the whole series was held at the morning meeting upon the Apportionment Plan. It was soon discovered that Southern California was proposing to lead the van of the whole Pacific Coast in financial advance along this line. Its own Association committee had already appointed its financial secretary and was planning an opportionment for Southern California, not of five and one-half cents, but of ten cents per capita per week, and that plan was meeting with general approval so far as it had been presented. Secretary Dorland was called upon and presented this scheme, thus putting the national apportionment into the shade.

The afternoon meeting was well attended and a deep interest was elicited, but the climax of the occasion was the enthusiastic gathering at supper, in the commodious dining rooms of the church. Fully two hundred sat down at the tables and the speaking here rose to its highest level because of the hearty appreciation with which it was met. The suggested apportionment of the $300,000 for the payment of the debt was accepted by this group of churches and committees appointed to secure pledges from individuals in each church to make up the full amount.

The Redlands meeting on Thursday, if not as large in attendance was fully as enthusiastic and appreciative. Here again the group of churches accepted its opportionment, received the presentation of the new financial scheme by Secretary Dorland with enthusiasm, and in the evening, in a choice company of 150 people, not only accepted the opportionment for the Redlands church, but actually subscribed over $100.00 more than was called for.

A flying trip the next morning brought the speakers to their last meeting, at San Diego, where the local association had met on the previous day, the pastors and delegates remaining over for the "Together" meeting. It was an earnest and appreciative gathering, and the brotherhood supper in the evening gave a fine hearing to the speakers. The apportionment for the debt again accepted, over half of the amount asked from the San Diego church being subscribed on the spot.

There was a note of sadness sounded in this meeting by the speakers who have journeyed together up and down the coast that their labors were at an end There has been a remarkable unanimity of feeling and a wonderfully harmonious relation between the members of this company of speakers. Their fellowship has deepened from the first meeting at Forest Grove to the last at San Diego, and the joy evolved and the delightful experiences in doing this work for the Kingdom together may be prophetic of the experience of all of our churches, when they have more perfectly carried out the spirit of this campaign and march "Together" in the new progress which we are to make in definite work for the kingdom. H. M. T.

THE STATISTICS FOR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By H. E. Jewett, Registrar.

The statistics for the year 1908 show a gratifying growth. Six new churches are added to the roll, two being dropped—a net increase of 4. The membership of the churches on Jan. 1st, 1909, was 14,270. The additions during the year were, on confession 1249, by letter 1152. Total 2401. Removals by death 139, by dismission 759, by revision of roll 482. Total 1380, a net gain during the year of 1021. In Sunday-schools 13,408, a gain of 308. In 82 C. E. Societies there are 3341 members—a gain of 177.

The benevolences of 126 church are as follows: Foreign Missions, $12,135; education building, $4509; church building $4347; Home Missions, $11,142; A. M. A., $3,716; Sunday-schools $1423; ministerial aid, $711; other causes, $10,804. Total, 48,513. The home expenses of 96 churches were $12,970 less than those of 95 churches last year. The average (not including yoked churches) was $1182, but

this was made possible by the aid to many churches of Home Missionary appropriations.

The debts of 39 churches aggregate $83,036. Sixty of the churches have parsonages. The net increase in membership of our churches is nearly five times that of last year. The additions on confession (1249) outnumbered those received by letter (1152). Among the churches receiving a goodly number on confession are Alameda, First, 22, Antioch 41, Berkeley, Park 11, Ceres 9, Black Diamond 8, Falk 9, Ferndale 10, Fitchburg 31, Fresno, First 25, Fresno, German 254, Fresno, Zion 103, Fresno, Japanese 18, Fruitvale 18, Lodi 59, Porterville 12, Sacramento 16, San Francisco, First 10, S. F., Fourth 9, S. F., Mission 12, San Jose 16, San Mateo 17, San Rafael 14, Santa Cruz 31, Santa Rosa, First 36, Niles 12, Oakland, First 81, Fourth 19, Pilgrim 13, Market Street 12, Oakland mouth 26, Oroville 28, Pacific Grove 12, Petaluma 39, Saratoga 14, Sunnyvale 18.

Our churches report gifts **per capita** to Foreign Missions 85 cents, to Home Missions 78 cents, for church building 30 cents, for Sunday Schcool Society 10 cents, for A. M. A. 26 cents—a total of $2.29. In addition, were gifts to education and ministers in need, and to other objects—the total of benevolences to all objects being per capita $3.40.

A CANADIAN BID FOR AMERICAN COMMERCE.

Mr. Herbert Vanderhoof says in the Interior concerning the recent report to the government at Washington by United States Counsul Jones of Winnipeg:

His report to the government at Washington in January is a compressed and matter-of-fact document, but its disclosures cannot fail to command attention among Americans generally The extension of Canadian railways and their entrance into the States to deliver Canadian goods and to bid for American business had already been felt by the American transportation lines. The consequent diversion of export freights from American to Canadian ports on the Atlantic has not as yet gone far beyond a beginning; but the extraordinary expansion of the Canadian railways, the increase in importance of their terminals on the great lakes and the growth of their water-carrying facilities has been notable.

These things are significant of an approaching change in the movement of crops and goods generally in the northern half of the continent. Trade, like water, is sure to find its own level. A readjustment of levels would seem to be in process now. "The competitive routes for grain to European markets," says the consul general's report, "is becoming a subject of great interest to the general public of ultimate concern to the American traders in cereals, as well as to the great carrying companies. Each year shows a loss in the amount of grain shipped through American ports. With the aid of the Canadian railways and the water and the water routes from Lake Superior ports, Montreal is gradually advanced as a shipping port for grain, and threatens in the future to compete successfully with the business hertofore enjoyed by American seaports.

"One of the causes of this deflection is claimed to be the refusal of American roads to reduce the rates to the seaboard, while the low rates in Canada, by rail and water, favor Montreal. The figures for the past six years indicate that the Canadian city is steadily gaining, while Portland shows decrease. Up to the end of August, 1908, the shipments in bushels from these ports were as follows: Montreal, 10,411,285; Portland, 4,303,438; Boston, 5,910, 236; New York, 9,624, 588."

Concerning Canada's production of wheat, her principal crop, the figures presented by Consul General Jones, says Mr. Vanderhoof will come as a surprise to American growers of that grain. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that in addition to the acreage devoted to other grain crops there is an unstated area devoted to a large and thriving live sock industry, and not referred to in the report.

"There are now," says the report, "10,000 square miles of Canadian prairie between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains growing wheat. Almost 6,400,000 acres are utilized for the growing of wheat alone, and in addition to this there are approximately 5,000 square miles devoted to the growth of coarser grains, making a total of 15,000 square miles or 9,600,000 acres which are today utilized for the growing of grain. It is estimated that the total crop for 1908 will approximate 235,000,000 bushels, of which nearly one-half is wheat. The revenue derived from transporting the grain to Fort William and Eastern markets, with an allowance of 35,000,000 bushels left for seed and foodstuffs, will be about $30,000,000, while the money value will be in the neighborhood of $80,000,000.

"It is only when Western conditions are considered in light of such statistics that one realizes the immensity of the subject. Wheat is to the Canadian West what cotton is to the southern part of the United States. It has developed the city of Winnipeg unil it is the greatest grain market in the British empire.

"It has increased the bank clearances of the city at a rate of $100,000,000 a year for the past five years, and developed a city with a population of 125,000 from the Hudson bay trading post of 1870 with a habitation of 275. With all the transcontinental railways leading to it, the development of the grain business means more to the city of Winnipeg than any other point in the Dominion of Canada." Mr. Vanderhoof then comments as follows:

The vast growth of Western Canada these last few years is directly referable to the enterprise of the railway companies. These compaines have had judicious co-operation from the provincial and Dominion governments, which have looked far into the future from the earliest large movement of population into the Western fields. There are three great trunk lines, each with many branches, and all with connections through to the Eastern coast. One, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific, are pushing through to that coast. The latest of these, the Grand Trunk Pacific, crosses Western Canada pretty well up north, and has a plan of branches that together with its main line, will serve an enormous stretch of new and exceedingly rich wheat country. The Grand Trunk Pacific, it must be remembered, will exchange traffic in the United States over lines of the Grand Trunk railway, which has an important mileage here and long-established termini in Chicago and several of the principal commercial cities of the Northern states along the lakes. Nor will that exchange of traffic be a one-sided exchange. Canadian grain will come east and United States goods will go west, and in both directions the shipments will be made over Canadian lines.

The New Model Port City of Prince Rupert.

Then, too, there is the "Western outlet," of which we have been hearing much lately and may soon be hearing more. At Prince Rupert, with its wonderful harbor on the Pacific coast, the Grand Trunk Pacific is building a model city for its western terminus. What will take place when the Panama canal in 1914 shall open a new waterway to

Liverpool, economically nearer to the Western Canadian wheat fields than the present eastward route?

The consul general's views in this connection are supported rather generally by leading Canadians. "I have more than once ventured the predicition," says Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, in a recent interview, "that in my liftetime we shall haul as much grain to the Pacific as to the Atlantic. When the Panama canal opens, in six years, I look to see Prince Rupert one of the very great grain ports of the world."

This may easily come true, since the rail haul to the from the wheat plains of Saskatchewan and Alberta is shorter than the Eastern haul, and the Pacific ports are never closed by ice. The voyage is longer, but there will be little elevator storage and no transshipment en route to tide water, and the bushel cost will be low, giving the grower a better benefit in the price at Liverpool than he gets now. "The diversion of a large portion of the Far Western wheat trade," continues Mr. Hays, "will advantage every section of our road; it will even enable us to give settlers much lower rates, because we shall even up our loads, sending full cars both east and wset instead of only east. While we send cattle, grain and minerals west to Prince Rupert, we shall haul back east the coal and the lumber which the settlers need. When Prince Rupert has been connected with Sydney across the Pacific by a good line of steamships—and that will come soon—the connection will have been completed of two of the very finest harbors in the British empire. Our route cuts off to the Far East—say Yokohama—1,500 miles from New York, compared with the San Francisco route, and the saving of two or three days will often decide the choice."

Canada in Competition for United States Traffic.

In making a plain statement to his government, without color or comment of any kind, Consul General Jones has given material for anxious thought to the people of this country. The facts as he states them, paralleled by other facts not within his official purview but open to all the world, show that Canada is already not only capable of taking ample care of herself in her own way, by means that are all her own, but that she has grown strong enough and sufficiently aggressive to come down across the border and compete in the States for the trade of the States.

By just as much as these things mean advantage to Canadian interests of whatever kind, they mean disadvantage to the States. Perhaps in the last resort the disadvantage will be found lodged at the door of the American wheat-groweer. A look at the map will show how much his Canadian confrere has the better of it by his nearness to the great grain-carrying systems, and in turn the command those systems have, of waterways and the ways to both oceans. It is not improbable that these considerations have their influence upon the present and increasing movement of American farmers into Canada, though the main influences in that migration are of course the advantages of exchanging high-priced lands for greater areas of lands lower in price and as high in productive power.

THEN AND NOW IN CHINA.

By Rev. J. E. Walker.

Thirty-six years last September, I sailed from San Francisco on the side-wheel steamer Japan for Hong-Kong on my way to Foochow, China. Last year, December 1, I again sailed from San Francisco on the twin screw steamship Mongolia for Shanghai, on my way,—via Foochow—to Shaowu. On the first trip the steamship struck straight out, nearly due east for Yokohama, and made the trip in about three and a half weeks. We met another steamer in mid-ocean, and interchanged mails; were expecting to meet another as we neared Yokohama; but she did not make her appearance. She had burned up in Yokohama Bay on her way over to Hong-Kong; but news did not fly in those days as it does now. In fact when some American residents in Yokohama boarded the Japan, the first thing they asked for was news about the Fall elections, and the tidings of Grant beating Greeley in the Presidential race.

Dr. and Mrs. Gordon were fellow passengers to join our young Japan Mission; and a young man, Rev. D. C. Greene, came out to the steamer to escort them ashore. Rev. and Mrs. Greene, Rev. and Mrs. Jerome D. Davis, and Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, were a trio of young couples, bright cultured, enthusiastic, facing the rosy dawn of Japan's new day. Just then there was a gathering of the Protestant missionaries in Japan, at Yokohama; and it was my privilege to attend a few of their meetings. There was in their hearts a certain thrill of glad surprise, and eager anticipation that was delightful to see. The flowers could not bloom forever; but Oh what masses of golden fruit hang on the spreading tree!

But what a change when I reached Foochow! Elderly men worn with long years of hope deferred and young men chafing and straining against barriers of conceited ignorance, sodden indifference, sordid materialism, and gross sensuality. Opium eagerly welcomed as if it were heaven's latest and rarest boon, while to preach Jesus was to expose that sacred name to contempt. Recently I preached to a Chinese audience on "Daring Men," and among these I put those who had had the courage to preach Christ year after year and decade after decade under such conditions.

" 'Twas a long weary night; but the morning is here,
And the words of the Master are true."

All those years that the Chinese were proudly scorning our message, opium was doing its deadly work. It has been especially fatal in prosperous farming villages. Half a century ago it was more especially the vice of the rich; but when I came out, thirty-six years ago, it had already got its grip on the well-to-do, and was beginning to affect the growth of population among these. The way in which it especially does this is this: If a young man wants to marry, either he or his parents must save up money enough to buy him a wife; but when the opium habit gets into the family, it consumes all the spare funds. Or if a wife is bought, she will by and by be sold off for money to buy opium; and so we find here and there houses occupied by childless opium fiends instead of happy families, or even vacant, and going to ruins. In the words of Deut, 30:15, God set before them life and good, and death and evil. But they chose death and evil.

Now tremendous efforts are being made to deliver China from the grip of this deadly evil; and the very fatality which has attended the use of the drug is helpful in more ways than one. The habit is not unequally seductive to all persons; and there has been a sweeping weeding out of that element among the Chinese which is peculiarly susceptible to the habit. The more susceptible ones have not only died themselves, but have left few posterity. Then, again, the evil effects of the habit are so manifest that there is no need to argue that point; and consequently the

new national spirit is dead set against opium, which is a curse and a foreign curse, and operates powerfully to keep China down, in subjection to the foreign powers.

On my way up the river from Foochow all along I found the opium dens closed. The drug is still sold, but in decreased quantities, while the temptation to young men to acquire the habit is not so strong and pervasive as it has been. Recently our Pastor Chang was telling us how when he was a young school teacher in a prosperous farming village, every day he would receive two or three invitations from keepers of opium dens to just step in and have a social, friendly, smoke free of charge; but he took alarm before they had got him addicted to the habit.

In Foochow I found the streets well policed; but alas, the policemen nearly all had the opium complexion which bore witness to hidden opium dens that were run with their connivance. They remind one of red-nosed policemen in some of our American cities. But the national government seems very much in earnest about this matter.

The summary removal of Yuan Shi-kai from office has occasioned some uneasiness and a good deal of comment. There are a few things which the thoughtful observer cannot overlook. One of China's weakest points in that her Emperor is not Chinese but Manchu, while the new national spirit is very distinctively Chinese. If China is to have an army at all proportioned to her population, it must be overwhelmingly Chinese both in rank and file; and how can it be expected to long tolerate a Manchu on the Dragon Throne. The late Empress Dowager seemed to see this, and was taking steps toward having the Manchu assimilate with the Chinese. She sanctioned the intermarriage of the two races; and she decreed that the Manchu military colonies throughout China must get to work and earn their own living within the next ten years. Perhaps she hoped that in good time China might have an Emperor born of a Chinese mother. But both she and the Emeperor in whose name she ruled died suddenly; and then in a few months the Chinese statesman Yuan Shi-kai, who was her chief adviser is removed from office, and his place is filled by a Manchu. This is not sufficient to prove that the new Prince Regent is going to be a Rehoboam. Reasons are affirmed for the removal of Yuan Shi-kai, which seem sufficient. But Christ ransomed this world with his own blood, and every event is directed by him toward that consummation when His Father's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Shaowu, China, February 19, 1909.

MOTHERHOOD'S DEEP MEANING.

By Louise Downs.

Parentage is not possession; parentage is privilege; parentage is opportunity.

You hold a babe in your arms. What has happened? Nothing to change the purpose of your life, the development of self. Life will bring you but one duty toward that babe—the highest development of yourself. If you hold your child as a possession, an obligation, a something to be trained, pushed and pulled in the direction your vision indicates, you declare youself upon the animal plane of parentage. Your reward will be the reward of animal parentage. Your child's love will mean simply thanks for the sustenance you give that child's existence. Its love for you will cease after its animal necessities are provided for. Your relation after that will be one of duty and obligation, not love.

The incident of birth does not mean ownership but comradeship. Birth does not bring affinity or relationship. Your child will reverence you just as much as you reverence it. Your relationship is declared at the moment you make for it an incarnating centre; your motive toward it, your sincerity toward it, your love for it, your relationship for all the years of your life are found at that moment. The affinity cannot be made or patched up afterward; possession, obligation, responsibility, sacrifice for your child are all centered and confined to that moment of attraction. Its friendship with you is established then, if there is to be friendship.

You ask no obligation of your child because you bore him; you will not force upon him a friendship which is not an affinity of soul and mind because you bore him. Motherhood does not flow from the fact that you gave consent to existence. If you find comradeship with your child it will be upon the plane of comradeship; he loves you for the same reason he loves another. The fact that you bore him will strengthen his sense of duty toward you, but that fact will never create love toward you. And why should it? Bearing children is not motherhood or fatherhood.

The child is yours by the law of attraction; you possessed the power to give it incarnating force. It is yours in the divinest sense. Whatever your babe becomes it is what it is because you made for it a centre of attraction like itself; your obligation and responsibility focus there. It found a resting-place beneath your heart. You hold it in a love embrace while energy defines form. It has come in response to your call; come to live its own life while you are achieving higher and higher planes of being; every moment of its existence is a joy bell in your life. Teach it? It has come to teach you. The dew of heaven is upon its brow. It is straight from the throne of truth. It is the answer to your cry for truth. It has brought you spiritual power. It is revelation; you did not create it. You gave creation opportunity. It did not come to have you "train it." In training the little messenger we have missed the message it brought, God's carrier-dove. Long before it nestled 'neath your heart you heard it call out of the blue of the infinite; love poisoned its song within you; the Holy Ghost descended unto you; you folded your white wings for rest! no other father, no other mother would do; it has waited the ages for you; its journey has ended. 'Neath your heart it forgets; but you? Ah, you remember—in those wonder days of love your soul in celestial light blended to listen to a sound; a soft wind blew upon your garden; its spices awoke; someone was calling, calling from the throne of love to you, coming from the throne of love to you, coming, coming, with the dew of Lebanon for your brows, and Love knew its own. For nine beautiful months your soul-self and the Great One played and planned together. In divine recognition you, listening, waited while the Father above and the father below vigils kept. At last the Soul and you had builded a house, a sacred hour—the valley of the shadow of death—the everlasting arms—a rod and a staff—and "Lo! I am with you always"—folded against your heart, your babe, while a new name burst into shining for your brow; Mary, Mother of God. Mary, Bride of God. Mary, Queen of Heaven and of Earth. And God so loved the world.

JOTTINGS.

Trial by Jury; Itself on Trial.

"If I have a good case in court in which I am sure that I am right I want it to come before a judge; I would have no use for a jury. If I could wish to win in a case in which the right was on the other side, then give me a jury." So spoke a thoughtful and upright man.

The traditional reverence for the jury system,—the sacred right to be tried, if at all, "by a jury of one's peers," seems to have sustained this institution for a century at least after its special usefulness—its **raison d'etre**—has passed away. I have read that in its beginnings it was indeed a bulwark of justice protecting the common people from the cruelties of conscienceless judges appointed by tyrannical kings; also, that instead of requiring it of a juror that he should know nothing or next to nothing about the case which is to come before him, those were sought who, of their own knowledge, could understand it most thoroughly. It is quite clear that this would not work well now, but the necessity of finding jurors who know nothing about, or have formed no opinions upon, matters of vital concern to the city and the state—matters dwelt upon in our newspapers daily and earnestly for more than two years past,—the necessity, I say, of getting such men, and scouring the city to find them, to sit in judgment on Abraham Reuf or Patrick Calhoun, amount to a **reductio ad absurdum** for the system itself.

Consider, further, the oppressiveness of the system in its practical operations. In the Call of March 27th, there appeared a curious and instructive statement set in tabulated form. There were on the evening of the previous day twelve men in the jury seats, for the trial of Patrick Calhoun. The table showed that it took fifty court days and seventy-two real days to get a jury for Ruef and the same number to get this one for Calhoun. This had required the summoning of no less than 1450 men in the Reuf case and 1830 in that of Calhoun; and during all this long process about six men in each case, men who had committed no crime were held virtually as prisoners, required to be in court every court day to the neglect of their business and a loss of income which in some cases may have involved great discomfort to their families. But this was only preliminary. The actual trial had yet to begin. And in the case of Calhoun this preliminary work is unfinished. One of the twelve jurors has been challenged, and for such an evident leaning toward the defense as awakens the suspicion that he was trying to get on this jury for the sake of what there might "be in it" for him out of the treasury of the United Railroads. If this suspicion is correct, then this one man, if he could have held his seat, would have rendered futile the whole process from beginning to end—the long and laborious gathering of witnesses, the questioning and cross questioning, the oratory of the advocates, the charge of the judge, the tense arguments in the seclusion of the jury-room, persistence of eleven jurors during hours and even days of confinement,—all this would have proved futile because this one man would not change the vote which he expected would put money in his pocket and fill it full.

Among those in one venire was a friend of mine, once a beloved member of Bethany Church. It was written of him in a leading daily that he was straight forward in all his answers and seemed to make an unusually good impression on both sides. An ideal juror! one would say. And such he would have been. No attorney on either side could find any fault in him, and he was passed. But when peremptory challenges were invited he was thrown out. What sort of a system is it, which allows such a travesty of justice as this?

No doubt he was glad to be thus thrown out. It appears that he would have been willing, at any cost, to do his duty to his city and his state, but I know, and he far better knew, that it would involve a loss to him of time, of business and of cash such as he is, probably, ill able to bear. Nine out of ten of really suitable men for jurors, —if their case was like his—would have plead to be excused and even have **claimed** to be excused. And the effect of it all is that jurors must ordinarily be composed of men few, if any, of whom would be selected as arbitrators by anyone. What sort of a system is this?

What is the remedy? Not the abolition of trial by jury. This is too deeply imbedded in the whole structure of legal procedure and is cherished still too widely and too deeply as a bulwark of justice for the effecting of any radical change, even though such a change were desirable; and yet one cannot escape the conviction that as now employed the system cannot stand. It thwarts justice too often; it costs too much; its practical operations are often too oppressive and involve too many absurdities. It must sooner or later come to naught.

We sometimes read about "professional jurors." The term is one of reproach. It represents a set of men who hang around the court-rooms, hoping to be summoned as jurors, partly for the petty pay to which they would become entitled and partly, perhaps, because of the perquisites which they think that they know how to secure.

I have no part nor lot with such men and yet I believe that this is just what we need—professional jurors, just as we have professional judges. They should be salaried officers of the courts, and held to a proper condition of mind for jury duty by the same moral and legal forces as those which keep our judges ready for fair and just and carefully considered judicial decisions.

There would of course be cases for the decision in which some jurors would be disqualified by domestic or business relationships, just as there are cases in which judges are thus disqualified, and in such cases exchanges could be made, as now as the case with judges; but, with those exceptions, they would act in all cases referred to the courts with which they were connected and with no closer or less respectful questioning than is now directed towards a judge.

It may be objected that the salaries of jurors would add greatly to the expenses of our courts; but I venture to guess—since that is a Yankee's privilege—that the court expenses connected with the securing of jurors in the two trials to which I have referred would pay reasonable salaries for at least a full year.

Is there any other way in which the jury system will save itself from falling into general contempt?

W. C. P.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Next Monday the Meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held in Mill Valley. Ministers and their families will be in attendance so far as possible. The subject announced for the meeting is, "Confessions from Ministers' Wives."

CELEBRATION OF A SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

On Wednesday evening of last week the First Congregational Church of Oakland celebrated the 75th birthday of the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean, president of Pacific Theological Seminary. Several hundred people were present at the reception. Speches wer made by Mr. C. Z. Merritt, a member of the church, Dr. George C. Pardee, ex-governor of California, professor Buckham of Pacific Seminary, and Rev. C. R. Brown the pastor of the church—Dr. McLean's successor. All in all it was a beautiful tribute to the great worth of a life that has counted for so much near and far on the Pacific Coast for nearly forty years. During the evening a fine painting by Mr. William Keith, California famous landscape painter, was presented to Dr. McLean, Mr. Brown remarking: "May it suitably adorn the walls of the new home; may it express to you a little of the love and appreciation which fills our hearts for your services to us; and may it give you an added look into the world of beauty created by the hand of Him whom you have so faithfully served!" Mr. Merritt in the course of his speech spoke of Dr. McLean first as comrade and then as a counselor, saying in that connection: "And how unsparingly he has always given himself to that service. Young men and maidens, old men and old women, and children—their number is legion who have sought him and not in vain for the sympathetic, clear-eyed wisdom of his counsel. And from another angle I see him as the builder—a builder of character first of all, teaching with consummate skill, tact and fairness, inspiring with all the power of a full, virile, spirit-filled life. A builder, too, of institutions—of this church in both the spiritual and material sense; and of many another of the noble institutions of our city and the State; for in this field he has the genius of the constructive statesman."

Professor Buckham spoke of the absolutely original way that Dr. McLean has of looking at things and of seeing things, "which naturally results in an original and intensely interesting way of expressing his thoughts." Professor Buckham continued: "And it is a twin of this faculty that gives him the power to step from the older orthodoxy to the new He possesses in an unusually large degree the courage, intelligence and progressiveness to step from the older way of thinking to the newer. And he is one of the few men that can pass from the older world of thought into the newer world without losing his mental balance."

Dr. Pardee spoke of Dr. McLean's relation not only to his congregation when pastor but of his relation to the whole state and showed how his life had entered widely into our coast civilization.

Among the Churches

Benicia.—Helpful meetings were conducted last week by the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Bethany Church, San Francisco.

Oakland, Fourth.—Palm Sunday was occasion for the baptism and consecration of ten infants, among whom were two Chinese babies belonging to Christian families in our parish.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The church is observing Passion Week by a series of meetings. Monday evening the Rev. O. L. Corbin of Bethlehem gave the sermon; Tuesday evening, the Rev. R. K. Ham of the Mission Church; Wednesday, the Rev. L. D. Rathbone, pastor at large and home missionary superintendent, Thursday evening the Rev. C. E. Sinclair of Oakland is to preach; and on Friday evening the pastor.

Berkeley, First.—Under the auspices of the Men's League an address was given last Sunday evening on "Some Social Meanings of Citizenship," by Prof. R. G. Boone, of Boston, editor of the Journal of Education. April the 18th Mr. A. H. Elliott of the Oakland City Council will speak on "Build Your City Upon a Rock." April eht 25th Mr. Max Thelen, on "The Young Man in Civic Life." May 2, President Jordan on "What Constitutes the Higher Life of a City?" And on May the 9th Judge Everett J. Brown on "His First Offense."

La Canada.—The Rev. C. W. Howkins has presented his resignation to take effect on the 31st of this month; and on the 1st of May he will enter on the work at Mt. Hollywood, Los Angeles. Mr. Howkins came from Pennsylvania to Southern California two years ago. During his pastorate at La Canada the church membership has nearly doubled; a parsonage costing $2,100 has been built and paid for; improvements have been made on the church building and new hymn books purchased.

GREEN STREET CHURCH.

The Green Street Church's campaign to secure sufficient to enable it to win the $5000 conditional gift has been pressed, and though the end is not in sight it is nearer. Eight hundred dollars have just been received from the East. A member of "Green Street" and an ex-member promise $500 between them—leaving about $1800 more to be promised or paid before May first. That the spiritual side of the work has not been neglected in these strenuous days is evidenced by the fact that ten persons expect to unite with the church upon confession of their faith on Easter Sunday. The week before Easter is to be observed by the church as a week of self-denial, in order that still more may be obtained—one half of the amount thus raised will go to the Together Campaign Fund.

Again The Pacific asks all of its readers who can do so to send in before the first of May some contribution to this building fund. No matter how small it will be gratefully received; and it will bear big dividends in good doing. A great work is being done in the Green Street Church field.

Send your cash or your pledge to Rev. E. L. Walz, 613 Green street, San Francisco.

SACRAMENTO ASSOCIATION.

The Sacramento Association has the largest number of churches of any of the California Associations. Here are located twenty seven of the churches. It is widely scattered in distances. Some of the brethren who lately visited this state and at the Lodi "Together" meeting met members of this association, who had come to that meeting traveling to get there farther than from New York to Boston, began to understand some of the difficulties of work in these great valleys.

The past year has been one of progress in almost all the churches of this association. Lodi leads off with her splendid new church building and a growth in membership of over eighty members. Substantial improvements have been

made in the properties of the Loomis, Lockeford, Oroville, and Murphys churches. The total membership of the churches in the association has increased form 1384 to 1484. The investment in buildings shows an increase of $20,000. The great Sacramento Valley is to offer one of the greatest opportunities for the advance work of the kingdom of any place in the state. It is encouraging to know that the churches are preparing themselves for the forward movement.

OBITUARY.

Amanda Maria (Downing) Goffin was born in Belfast, Ireland, 7th day of October 1858. She was the granddaughter on both sides of Methodist ministers, and was reared amidst the influences of godliness from her earliest years. She was peculiarly gifted with keen penetrative intellectual powers, and had the bright sanguine temperament of her race to a marked degree. Miss Downing was educated in a private school of the town in which she spent her earlier years, and in addition received also a good vocal and instrumental training under a competent music master. While yet but a mere girl she was asked to become the organist in the Congregational church in Youghal. She accepted the position (an honorary one), and for a number of years continued to serve the church in this capacity, winning the marked commendation of never being late at her post. On the death of her grandmother, with whom she and her mother lived—her father having died of a tropical fever in Australia—Miss Downing with her mother moved to England. She was married to Rev. John W. Goffin in Islington Chapel London, England, by Dr. Henry Allen, July 14, 1884, and after residing for a few years in the metropolis, where two children were born to them, shortly after the death of their first born, (Florence), they embarked at Liverpool for Halifax, N. S. Canada. For twelve years in that land the devoted wife worked at her husband's side, as the partner of his labors, often extremely strenuous to the pastor of the rural churches. In Canada four children were born to them. During the last year of their labors in Canada, the disease against which Mrs. Goffin subsequently so bravely fought began, and steadily made inroads upon her physical powers. Changes of situation were tried. Sanitarium treatment was at times resorted to, but the disease crept steadily on. However, still sanguine of an ultimate triumph over the insidious enemy of health and vitality, the last venture was taken of the long journey from Vermont to California. For a little time this seemed to promise great things, but the reaction set in, and although under skillful medical treatment and unremitting care she would rally for a time from what looked like certain death, the final attack came, and she has passed quietly from the pains of earth to the rest of heaven. Her only desire for life in these later years of her great pain and suffering was that she might be of service to her dearly loved children. and her husband. That desire has been partly allowed her and partly denied. The denial is surely in great love for her sufferings were great.

WHY STEEL IS PAINTED RED.

"Why is iron or steel invariably painted red?"

This question was asked by scores of men and women who were walking on the viaduct, where workmen were busy painting the steel work of the structure a beautiful carmine, says a New York daily.

In most of the skyscrapers it is noticeable that the steel frame is first painted red and then some other color. It was also the case with the "L" road structure and is also the case with all steel bridges and iron works of all kinds.

One of the workingmen was asked why iron work was painted red.

"Oh, it's not the color that counts," he said, "but it's red lead, and any steel man will tell you that red lead is the best preservative against dampness and rust. Recently a dark green lead has come into use as a first coat for iron and steel, but after all, red lead seems to hold its own as a covering to preserve steel work. When the red lead is once on it the structure can be painted in any other color to suit the taste. The red lead lasts years."

THE HOME

THE LAST GATE.

If it would only keep ajar
  While loving eyes look through!
But it so swiftly closes up,
  And hides our loved from view;
And we can only dream and guess
  What they are doing there
Within the land of mystery,
  Which yet we know so fair.

They would not care for seas of glass,
  Or streets of shining gold;
They left a home, they need a home
  Where loving arms enfold.
They longed to see the Master's face
  As for their own great bliss,
And almost ere the gate was closed
  I think He gave them this.

The earth is poorer now, but heaven
  Comes down to meet sad hearts,
And only those who suffer know
  The joy that God imparts.
Think of the glories spread for them,
  After their swift release;
I can not tell His welcome gifts,
  But one of them is peace.

So mourn not over much, dear hearts,
  Yours, and not theirs, the pain;
A sense of loss is yours to bear,
  And theirs a wondrous gain;
And presently a greeting-joy
  Such as no soul has guessed;
Your festival will come in time—
  Let faith pursue the quest.

—Marianne Farningham.

THE ILLUMINATION OF MRS HUNTER.

Mrs. Jabez Hunter was a notable housekeeper. So far back as domestic tradition ran she had come of a line of notable housekeepers—women who waged unremitting war not on dirt alone, but upon all that nondescript variety of material which they were accustomed to comprehend under the generic term of "litter."

Her carpets were guiltless of a suspicion of dust, her floors scrubbed to the last degree of whiteness, and her furniture ranged at exactly symmetrical angles with her spotless walls. Her brass and silver emulated the brightness of the rising sun, and even kettles and pans transformed to mirrors, reflected the keen-eyed countenance of their mistress.

But Mrs. Hunter's energies were by no means exhausted upon inanimate objects. Each Hunter baby by turn had taken its first independent journey into the world with its snowy cambrics protected by a blue calico "creeper," which was replaced on the child's arrival at school age by a checked gingham apron of proportions ample to envelop its small person and protect its clothes from soil. In vain five-year-old Tom had protested against the objectionable over-garment.

"The boys call me 'sissy,'' muvver!" he declared with tears, but Mrs. Hunter's only answer was, " My little boy must learn not to be ashamed of anything that mother thinks best for him to wear."

One had only to scan the row of slippers ranged along the wall of the rear entry, from the number nines of Mr. Hunter himself to the small red moroccos of the youngest child, to understand that the sacredness of the Hunter interior, like that of a Hindu temple, demanded the removal of ordinary foot-wear upon entrance.

Mrs Hunter was by no means unloving. She would have been ready at any moment, had the emergency arisen, to give her life cheerfully for her husband or children. None the less there was no room in her scheme of living for the small indulgences which might disturb the rigidity of her domestic code. To tolerate anything which might in any manner "make dirt" was to her a moral impossibility.

If her children's innocent desires or secretly cherished tastes conflicted with the housewifely regime, so much the worse for them, since the system admitted of no compromise.

It would be difficult to do justice to Mrs. Hunter's feelings when, after an unaccountably restless night, she found herself one morning unable to rise from her bed. Could it be possible that she was going to be ill? And if so, what would become of the housekeeping? As well might a watch be expected to keep time with its mainspring broken.

She had been accustomed to apply to all" hired help" the single adjective "shiftless." Was it to the hands of such as these that her spotless kitchen and closets, the preparation of the family meals, the care of the children's wardrobe, the supervision of washing and cleaning days, were to be intrusted? She groaned aloud, vainly struggling with the pain and faintness which attended every effort to move. As the day advanced her suffering increased, and by the time the doctor arrived she was in a burning fever.

This proved the beginning of a long and dangerous illness, when through many days of weakness and delirium those who watched her bedside alternated between hope and despair.

At last the crisis passed and, with slow and feeble flow, the tides of life turned once more shoreward. For a time after recovering consciousness she was too weak for any connected thought. All the cords of interest and authority which she had been used to gather in so strong a grasp, had slipped unnoticed from her nerveless hands and she felt no impulse to take them up again.

One night she awoke from a more than usually refreshing sleep with a new sense of clearness in her brain. She made no movement and the two neighbor-women who were sharing the care of her, supposed her still unconscious. The sound of their low whispering came to her ear with singular distinctness.

"If Jane Hunter hadn't taken a turn for the better, there'd have been a different deal in this house. I can tell you. Of course they'd 'a' missed her terribly at first. 'Twould have taken a good while to get used to having things move along easier like. Jane's been a good woman —none better, and mighty capable, dear knows! But she's held altogether too tight a rein. To be sure her children have gone on well enough so far, but I wouldn't want to bank on 'em for the next five or ten years. When home is too spick and span for anybody to have a good time in, young folks are bound to go somewhere else for it."

"You're right there, Mary. I made up my mind a good while ago that I'd let my folks do while I'm alive some of the things they'd be certain to do after I was dead!"

For a moment Mrs. Hunter's heart almost stopped beating. Could it be possible that her death would have been in the nature of an unconscious relief to those whom she loved better than her own soul? She throbbed with almost passionate indignation. But slowly the excitement subsided and with pitiless persistency her memory began to retrace long forgotten incidents.

Once more she seemed to be climbing the stairs to the room of Jack, her elder boy, She saw herself pausing in the doorway in surprised displeasure at sight of a great oak branch trained against the wall and holding a number of birds' nests of various sorts and sizes. A few fallen twigs and straws lay upon the spotless matting underneath.

"Jack!"

She saw the apprehensive look on the boy's face as he glanced up from his book of natural history.

"What do you mean by filling the house with litter?"

"Oh mother! I'm making a collection. See, here's a hang-bird's nest—I've looked for an empty one ever so long. And this—"

"Jack, if you want a collection of nests, you can keep it in the barn-loft. The house is no place for it."

"But mother—"

"Don't argue, Jack dear. I simply can't have such messing. Take them out directly."

How plainly now she saw the hurt expression of the boy's eyes as he silently obeyed her.

Another picture: this time it was Tom standing in the kitchen doorway with a beautiful collie puppy in his arms.

"Can't I have him, mother? Hendy Jarvis will give him to me if you are willing. See, what a little beauty he is!"

The young face was flushed with eagerness—the two pairs of eyes, the boy's and the dog's, seemed to plead in unison.

"I'm sorry, Tom, but you should have remembered what mother has told you before. I can't have a dog tracking up the floors and scratching on all the doorpanels. You will have to take him back."

"Oh, mother, please!"

"Tom, I am surprised. Don't yon konw that when mother has said no you are forbidden to tease?"

The boy turned away with a half sob. His arm tightened around the silken body of the little creature, whose small red tongue licked his hand as if in silent sympathy.

"Mother." Now it was Susie's voice she heard. "Dick and Jessie are coming over after supper, and their cousin Mary Gray." She flushed and hesitated.

"Yes, daughter. What is it?"

"Mother, could we have a fire in the parlor? Jessie's mother always lets her."

"Susie, I have told you often enough that a clean, pleasant kitchen is good enough for children to visit in. I can't have you racing over the parlor carpet."

"But, mother," Mr. Hunter gently protested, "don't you think they might just this once? I'll buy another carpet when that one's gone."

"Jabez, I wonder that you can counsel wastefulness."

Oh fool and blind that she had been! It was such little, easy things as these that they would have been doing—if she had died!

It was hard to wait for the morning. At last it came, and with the first gray streaks of the dawn Mrs. Hunter heard the careful steps of her husband at the door and his whispered question:

"How is she?"

"Better—better!" she answered for herself in a voice clear though faint. "Oh Jabez, come here! Tell me that you—you and the children—would have cared if I had never got better!"

"Jane—dear—"faltered her husband, horror-stricken. She saw the terror in his face.

"No, no! Don't be frightened! I know what I'm saying. I'm not feverish, but—I've seen things! Jabez, listen! I want the parlor opened—every day, mind! And Tom is to have a dog, and Jack shall bring all out-of-doors into his room if he likes! Oh! this shall be a different place, and I another sort of mother, if God lets me get well!"

Mr. Hunter laid his big hand on his wife's forehead wtih awkward tenderness. Her own pale fingers closed about it and the eyes of the father and mother met in a new understanding and compact, which was to transform a house to a home, and shape to loving ends the lives of those who dwelt within it.—Mary Stansbury.

THE GIRL AND THE TEST.

The teacher stood watching the class in algebra take a test. It was a fair examination, containing no "catch" questions, but problems similar to those which the pupils had solved day after day. There was no need of haste, for the teacher had said, "Work carefully, taking the problems in order; I shall rank you on what you do, whether five or two." Again, "Do not hurry; it is correctness, not amount, which counts."

The boys were working deliberately, with here and there a frown at a problem which would not "come right," but there was no such placidity among the girls. Each face was tense, fingers flew, there were mad dashes after erasers, gasps of consternation, and one girl, with hands clenched, actually jumped up and down in her seat. At the striking of the gong they filed out of the room, utterly wearied. All this nervous force was expended on an ordinary test, the like which, in some study, they met once a week.

The papers handed in were such as one would expect under these conditions. Those written by girls who work best under pressure were perfect, but most of them fell below the daily work; several contained portions of each problem, but not one completed. The owners proffered time-worn excuses with glibness: "I never do anything on tests;" "I always go to pieces;" "I had a headache;" and over and over, "It was nervous."

For once they received no sympathy; the teacher had been considering whether or not an examination is such an ordeal as it is customarily considered. When she returned the corrected papers she talked not about the failure in mathematics, but the failure in self-control.

"I can teach you mathematics," she said, "but I can't teach you self-control. No one but you yourself can teach that. You offer 'nervousness' as an excuse for failure. You are on the road to being nervous women—the kind of women who 'go to pieces' in an emergency, who have nervous prostration when things go wrong. All of you know women of that class, and many of you know how much unhappiness one causes. If you want to be that sort of a woman, no one can stop you. On the other hand, if you want to be a helpful, reliable woman, the kind one naturally turns to in trouble, you can make yourself so, but you have got to begin now to control nerves.

"You can start in learning to take tests calmly. Tests do not stop with school; there will be test days all your life. If you go into an office, there will be days when your employer will be ugly, the accounts will be tangled, and you will make mistakes in your dictation. They will be test days. If you are a teacher, there will be times when the classes will be maddeningly stupid and the pupils exasperating. If you are a housekeeper, there will be mornings when the bread will not rise, the cake will burn, the milk sour, and the meat fail to come from the market.

"You are going to meet these test days just as you meet school tests now. If you can keep your head, you'll win out. If you lose your grip and go to pieces, as you did yesterday, you will be a failure. Any one can work when all is smooth; it a crisis that shows what one is made of."

Some of the girls giggled, some sulked, but most of them appeared to be considering the new idea that "nervousness" is not unconquerable. When the time of the next examination came the teacher said:

"This is to be not only a test of your knowledge of algebra, but also a test of your self-control. Whether you do all or none of the problems, one thing you are to do—keep a grip on yourself."

During the next hour, whenever she saw the tense look, the rigid pose, she said firmly, "Quiet down; we are not going to be nervous today," and the girl instantly relaxed. As a natural consequence, the papers of this easily taken examination were the best of the term.

If teachers in school and parents at home would unite in discouraging the view of examinations which holds them unavoidable but abnormal ordeals in which "cramming" and luck are prominent factors, and substitute the thought that just as school work is a forerunner of a world, so school tests are preliminary training for life tests, the pupils themselves would come to look upon the matter in the same light. A test should never be considered a legitimate excuse for "nervousness." An actually nervous girl should be under a physician's oversight—eating, sleeping and studying according to his directions—but in most cases the nervousness is under the girl's own control, though she may not believe it. Some girls insist that they cannot help constant giggling in class, but when every

outburst of hysterical snickering is instantly and severely punished, they find that they are able to control themselves. If nervousness could be treated in its true character of a contagious disease, to be avoided when possible and its victims isolated, it would no longer be a handy excuse nor an interesting state, and wondrous peace would settle over girldom.

Young People

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY.

The house is such a dreary place when mother is away;
There isn't fun in anything, no matter what you play.
The dolls just sit as stupid, and act so still and queer—
They always say such funny things when mother's by to hear.

The little china tea set looks so lonesome waiting there;
There's no fun playing party and eating only air!
It isn't like the lovely things you most believe you see
Upon the plates and saucers, when mother comes to tea.

There's no use doing up your hair and dressing up in style,
You know it's just pretending, and you're Betty all the while;
You never hear a whisper from the chairs against the wall:
"Dear me, what splendid lady now is coming here to call!"

The pictures in the picture-books are never half so fine;
The stories won't come out and talk for any pains of mine;
An hour goes so slowly, it's almost like a day—
The house is such a lonesome place when mother is away.

—Rubie T. Weyburn, in Good Housekeeping.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A BUTTERFLY OR WHAT A BOY FOUND IN A CATERPILLAR.

An Easter Story.

(Written for the Junior Y. P. S. C. E. by J. Edward Warren, of Fruitvale, Cal.)

"Blessings on thee, little man, barefoot boy, with cheek of tan
With thy turned up pantaloons, and thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still, kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face, through thy torn brim's jaunty pace.
From my heart I give thee joy. Heaven's blessings on my boy."

Once upon a time, some forty years ago, a boy who answered somewhat to the description give above, about ten years of age and who called himself "mamma's little man" was attending school in a small country town known as Wyandotte, Michigan. He was very fond of roaming in the woods and fields, and as he was not over strong, his mother encouraged him in being out of doors as much as possible.

His day-school teacher interested him in collecting insects, particularly butterflies; so he soon enjoyed nothing better than chasing after them with his home-made net, endeavoring to catch the swiftly-flying beauties.

One day as he was running at the top of his speed after a very fine one, he stubbed his toe and fell headlong into a clump of wild caraway growing in the big meadow near his home.

As he picked himself up, he spied a big green caterpillar with black stripes, feeding on the caraway leaves. It was more than two inches long, about as big around as a lead pencil and just about as thick through.

He noticed that when he touched it with his finger it stuck out from its neck a pair of soft orange-colored horns which emitted a disagreeable odor, which his teacher afterwards told him were designed as a means of defense against the attacks of other animals.

He gently cut off the stalk of caraway upon which Sir Saterpillar was feeding and carried it home with him, putting it in a good-sized box in his bedroom by the window, where it could get plenty of light and air, but could not get away, as he had tacked mosquito netting over the open top of the box.

The caterpillar seemed quite contented and at home for a few days, eating heartily, in fact some days he actually ate his own weight in leaves. Think of that, boys and girls! What would happen if you tried to do that?

But one day Eddie went to pay his morning visit to Sir Caterpillar to see if he had enough for breakfast, and lo and behold he was gone! No caterpillar to be seen in the box, but, looking very carefully, the boy spied a dry, gray-colored casket-shaped thing about one-half as big as the caterpillar had been when he last saw it. His teacher told him this was called a chrysalis, or cocoon,—a dull, dead looking thing with no sign of life about it at all, hanging by a short silk thread to the top of the box in one corner, away from the light. And so it remained for several days.

Now, his teacher had told the boy to watch this chrysalis every day and see what would happen. Accordingly he did so, and one day, about two weeks later, he noticed that the shroud or casket seemed to be splitting up the back, and as he watched, gradually the head of a little anumal came slowly poking out and was soon followed by the legs and body of a butterfly, all but the wings

It hung limp and moist to the side of the box, and our boy noticed something like small wet rags gradually unfolded and expanded until in an hour or so they came to be beautiful wings, but very limp and soft. The next day, however, Sir Butterfly was flitting about the inside of the box in all his beauty, a perfect specimen of the Papilio Asterias, or black, swallow-tailed butterfly.

His front wings were dark, glossy black, bordered with a double row of yellow dots, while the hind wings, Eddie noticed, were also black and had a double row of yellow dots, between which were seven blue spots, and at the lower extremity was a swallow-tail, hence its name, Sir Knight of the Swallow-tail, and to this day he is known as such.

And so this boy had learned from watching a caterpillar change to a butterfly, the great lesson of immortality, which we think of in connection with the celebration of Easter Sunday,—the resurrection of the body in a glorified form,—for he had seen with his own eyes the crawling caterpillar, the silken shroud or casket in which he had enfolded himself carefully, not to die and decay, but only to rest a little while, and then exchange a crawling body for a beautiful winged ethereal form, fitted to fly in the sunshine, up in the blue sky and amid the lovely flowers. Yet he was the same animal that he was when on the earth eating his food on the caraway stalk, only with a changed and glorified body.

What scene in nature is more elevating, more consoling and more full of promise to us all in the life that now is and that which is to come, dear Juniors of the Y. P. S. C. E!

STUDYING OUT OF DOORS.

Tom Townsend looked wistfully through the schoolroom window near which he was seated. The out-of-door world presented a most alluring picture. From a cloudless sky the sun glistened upon gayly blossoming boughs and soft greensward. A balmy breath filled the air, and Tom completely succumbed to that easily contracted malady known as spring fever.

"Answer to your name. Dr. Bradley has called it twice," whispered Dan Nelson, pulling at Tom's coat sleeve.

"Here, here!" blurted the dreamer confusedly as a low ripple of laughter passed through the room.

"Young gentlemen," said Dr. Bradley when he had called the last name on the long roll, "as you have no doubt observed, the weather is excellent for out-of-door work as well as play. The shade trees on the campus are most inviting. Now and then, on such days as this, I have allowed my pupils to prepare their lessons out of doors, placing them on their honor not to leave the campus or shirk their duty. Can I so trust you today?"

"Yes, sir!" replied a chorus of eager voices, and soon the boys were trooping out of the chapel and settling under the shade trees in pairs or small groups. Tom Townsend and Dan Nelson selected a quiet spot in a far corner of the grounds and began an industrious conjugation of the Latin verb. Tom and Dan often studied together. Both were apt pupils, and some time before the class bell was to ring they had thoroughly mastered their lesson.

"I tell you what would be fine about now," said Dan, looking longingly toward the village at the foot of the hill..

"What's that?" asked Tom, accompanying the longing gaze.

"Milk shakes," replied Dan. "We've gotten our lessons, and there's nothing else for us to do now. We'll have plenty of time to run down the hill to the ice cream parlor and get back for the class. I'll set up; come on, let's hurry."

"But we promised not to leave the campus or shirk our duty," said Tom, trying to overcome the temptation of milk shake.

"Well, we haven't shirked our duty. We've learned our lesson, and we'll get back in plenty of time for the class. Anyhow, a fellow's got to have a little fun now and then. You're such a slow coach, I wonder you'd come out of doors today to study even after the Doctor told us we might. Come on, or we won't have time," urged Dan.

And Tom, who disliked very much to be called a slow coach, raced Dan down the hill to the ice cream parlor.

The man who had charge of the soda water fountain was busy with something else when the boys ran into his shop, and, in spite of their urging, was in no hurry about filling their order. Time has a way of slipping by with remarkable rapidity when one is seated in an ice cream parlor listening to the lively music of a pianola. In the midst of refreshment and music Tom glanced up at the clock. "Look, Dan," he said surprisedly, "it is long past time for the class bell. Already we've missed half the recitation."

"Then it's too late now to go to class at all; and as recess comes next period, we might as well stay here awhile longer," said Dan.

"No, we'd better hurry back," said Tom, arising from the table, only to resume his seat in surprise; for Dr. Bradley was entering the door.

"We're caught," said Dan under his breath.

"Well, boys, you got down here in a hurry. The ice cream parlor's a popular resort on a day like this," said Dr. Bradley pleasantly as he passed by the table on his way to the telephone.

Neither Tom nor Dan replied, for they were too overcome with dismay.

Presently a crowd of their schoolfellows entered the shop and took seats about the tables. "What's happened pened? It's not recess time yet," said Dan in an undertone.

"Why, weren't you in class?" said the boy nearest him.

"No; we ran off down here," admitted Dan confusedly.

"Well, the Doctor was called to receive an important long distance message at the telephone, and he dismissed the class without even calling the roll. He said he'd give us double recess today," was the reply.

"My, but that's lucky for us, Tom," said Dan in relieved tones; but Tom made no answer. Somehow he couldn't enjoy deception.

The fair, mild spring weather continued without interruption for several days, and the boys were allowed to get their lessons out under the shade trees. One morning toward the latter part of the week, when Dr. Bradley had finished call ing the roll, he read out an aditional list of names, saying: "The following pupils will hereafter be deprived of outof-door privileges, as I have learned from reliable sources that they have broken their promise, have left the grounds during study hours, and can therefore no longer be placed on their honor as gentlemen. I am glad to place a boy on his honor until he violates that right, and then I can no longer trust him. The following boys will remain indoors"—

Tom Townsend listened closely as the names were read. His own was not among them. Although he had not left the campus during study hours since that day when he and Dan ran away to the ice cream parlor, he realized that he had broken his promise and had violated his right to be placed on his honor just as much as the fellows who had been slipping off every day.

"My, but you're lucky, Tom!" whispered Dan, whose frequent fiights down the hill to the ice cream parlor caused his name to head the list of the confined. "Wish I'd stayed in the yard after our first trip. Sorry I can't go out and study with you today."

"I am not going out," answered Tom resolutely, remaining at his desk, "for I deserve to be punished just as much as if I'd been running away every day. I broke my promise just the same, and I shan't take what isn't my right."

"Now, Tom, don't be silly," said Dan, but he was interrupted by a rap for silence from the teacher's desk.

"Townsend," said Dr. Bradley, "I did not read your name. Why don't you go out of doors to study? You are on the honor roll."

Tom remained silent for a minute. It was very hard to confess his guilt while everybody in the room was looking intently at him. "Why, sir, I don't belong on the roll of honor; for I broke my promise," he replied in resolute tones.

Dr. Bradley in turn remained silent for a while. "Townsend," he said at last, "I'm disappointed and surprised that you have broken your word; but I'm deeply

gratified that you had the manhood and courage to confess it and to refuse to take advantage of a privilege to which you were not entitled. Temptations, I know, sometimes overcome us in our weaker moments unless we take time to consider the matter and let right have the upper hand; therefore we must always be on our guard. I have determined upon a new plan. I shall release all of these boys who have broken their word, and I shall not keep you in; but if any one of them leaves the campus during study hours or is discovered shirking his duty, you shall be held responsible as well as they and receive the same punishment, even though you be guiltless. I'm going to make you your brothers' keeper and trust to your influence over them as well as to their sense of honor."

During all of the mild spring weather the boys of Bradley Academy continued to prepare their lessons out in the good, pleasant shade of the wide-spreading oak trees; but not one of them again forgot to keep his word.

A PLEA FOR DAILY KINDNESS.

The daily evils that make life hard are not the great sorrows, but the infinity of irritating trifles, the unnecessary injustice, the man-made wrongs of life. Such are the cruel temper that upsets a household for a day and leaves a trail of enervating sadness and protest, the unreasonable selfishness that overrides the rights of others like a car of Juggernaut. There is a bitterness of unforgiving condemnation that listens to no reasons, explanations, or motives, that believes because it has seen, that credits the senses and accepts circumstantial evidence as final Then too that love may walk alone down the valley of darkness and separation, heart hungry for the treasure that has been thrown away.

Man is said to have been made in the image of his Creator. Some men seem to be trying to remove the labels and other identifying brands. If we are men, with the dignity of our powers and privileges and possibilities, let us live like men. Life is not something to be lived through; it is to be lived up to—in all its highest meanings and messages. There was in the army of Alexander the Great a soldier who, although he bore the very name of the great conqueror, was in his heart a coward. Cowardice in any soldier of that mighty army was the worst of all crimes, yet for this man to be a coward was shame unspeakable. And Alexander in great anger commanded the craven: "Either give up my name or follow my example." Living up to our possibilities means living up to our name—anything less means failure.

If for a single week in any city each individual were to say each morning, "To-day no one in the world shall have even one second darkened by any act of mine," and live it, that city would be transformed and glorified. It would, after all, mean only negative goodness, the avoidance of evil, not real, aggressive, positive, high-keyed living at our best; but the burden of life would be lifted, and in an atmosphere warm with the radiant glow of love and brotherhood we could almost hear the faint rustle of the angels' wings—the angels of peace ushering in the millennium.—From the Circle Magazine.

THE THOUGHTFUL GIRL.

"Why does Margery always have such a good time? That is easy! It is because she is the most thoughtful girl I have ever known," and the person questioned glanced admiringly at Margery helping a lame child over a crossing.

"It isn't a forced thoughtfulness, either, the kind that is put on with the company manners, but cannot be found when mother must do the cooking or father comes home tired and wants his slippers. She seems to know by instinct the kind of thing you would best like, and she promptly does it for you.

"It makes no difference whether you are young or old, Margery seems to sense your needs. I've seen her put down a book to amuse her baby brother almost before the little fellow realizes he is getting tired of his present plaything; and she is just lovely with that tiresome grandfather of hers, who asks such impossible questions. Knowing how curious he is, whenever she hears an unusual noise she makes it a point to find out what it is, then runs and tells him.

"The bashful boys and girls just dote on Margery, for she never forgets what torture it is to them to be noticed and is always speaking up for them, or not telling when they hide in corners.

"Hers is the kind of popularity that is going to last, too, for it don't depend on her complexxion, or on the shape of her nose."

The thoughtful girl is not only popular, she is loved. She knows how to make herself welcome whatever the circumstances, she merges her own wishes in the welfare of others without counting the cost.

TEN WAYS TO HELP MOTHER.

Do you ever help mother? How many ways to help her can you think of? Would you like to know some others besides the ways you know, or would you rather not know any more? You may think there are too many already. Below you will find ten ways to help mother. Here the are:

1. Keep the caps and hats hung up where they belong, no matter whose cap, or where you find it. Just put it where you know it ought to be.

2. Keep the papers folded right side out and piled nicely together on the library table. It takes mother a good many minutes a day to do just that.

3. Get into the habit of remembering where you see things. This will help not only mother, but everybody in the house. It is such a comfort to the people who lose things or forget where they put them.

4. See how many times a day you can "save steps" for her by running errands. It is what little feet were made for, partly.

5. Laugh twenty times every day. It will help make others laugh.

6. Like things she does for you. Tell her how nice they are.

7. Whisper in her ear sometimes. Whisper this, "I love you."

8. Watch for chances to do "things she has spoken about. Don't wait for her to ask you. It is such fun to surprise people!

9. Notice when she is sick or tired or headachy, and go about the house on tiptoe.

10. Don't tell her you are going to be this kind of a boy or girl—have the fun of seeing her find it out.—Ex.

THE BOY WHO WINS.

Not the one who says, "I can't,"
Nor the one who says, "Don't care,"
Not the boy who shirks his work,
Nor the one who plays unfair.

But the one who says, "I can,"
And the one who says, "I will"—
He shall be the splendid man,
He the chair of trust will fill.

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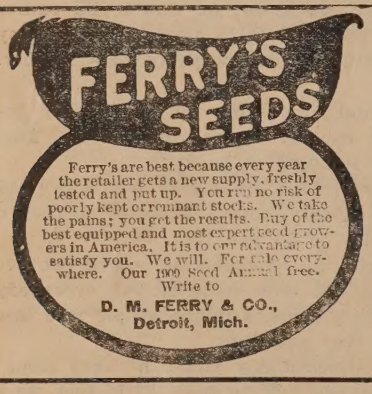
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